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to show you
**Our
Spring
Suits***

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latest models—
double breasted
—single breasted
patterns galore—
priced from
\$20.00 to
\$32.50*

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chap who wants his
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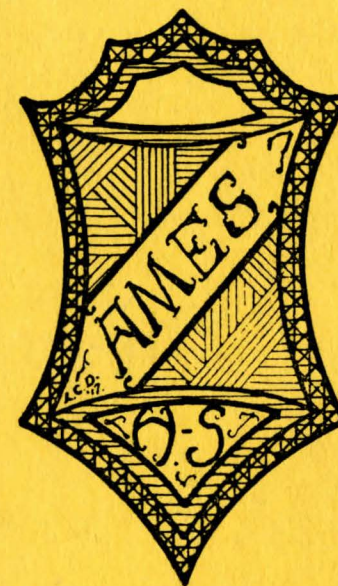
*The latest in Hats, Caps, Shirts, Ties, Gloves,
Hosiery and Shoes.*

GUS MARTIN

PAY LESS

DRESS BETTER

**THE
SPIRIT**



Vol. 7 March 13, 1918 No. 14

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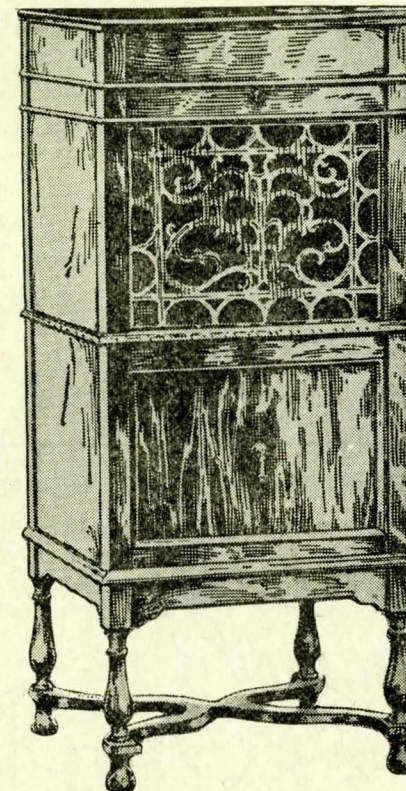
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AMES, IOWA

R OFFICE 373 AME 1918
Ames High School (Ames,
Spirit.

**LEARN to TRADE at TILDEN'S***Where you know things are good in quality and style.*New Suits
for Boys**The Tilden Store**New Dresses
for Girls

The Need for Music



Food, raiment and shelter are absolutely essential to existence. But it is not these necessities that make life worth living, they merely make existence possible. In order to sustain the highly developed life of today the individual requires something more than physical sustenance.

In striving for a better, a higher, a more ideal existence, the absolute necessities bear no part but the sustaining of physical life. Life, without many things which are often misnamed "luxuries," would not be "living" at all, it would be mere existence.

Who but the most narrow minded could possibly call music a luxury. A luxury is anything that can be taken out of our lives without actual suffering. Music could not be taken out of our lives without real suffering. It is honey to the soul. It speaks in all tongues and all ears understand. It brings man into closer touch with his Creator and with his fellow-man than any other medium. It speaks to the souls of men,

and men respond with the noblest and purest deeds of heroism. Inspired by it they make the sublimest sacrifices with a smile on their lips. They go into battle—they go down on ships at sea singing songs.

People buy food, clothing and shelter simply because they **must** have them. We are very proud to feel that they invest in the instrument of Music's Re-Creation because they **want** it; not because it is absolutely essential to existence but because they very deeply feel that they **need** it to round out their lives, to help make living worth while, to brighten leisure hours and to bind the home ties closer.

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Across from Sheldon-Munn Hotel **HUGH HAMMAR, Mgr.**



THE SPIRIT



Vol. VII

Ames High School, March 13, 1918

No. 14

LITERARY ISSUE

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Editor ----- Barclay Noble
Assistant Editor ----- Nevin Innes
Literary Editor ----- Hazel Cave
Contest Editor ----- Romania Reins
News Editor ----- Edith Walls
Athletic Editor ----- Eugene Watkins
Joke Editor ----- Beatrice Olson
Correspondence Editor ----- Tom Musson

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Eleanor Murray, Marjorie Nickels, Marie Reines '21. Marion Smith '20, Lydie Tilden '19.

Management

Advisor ----- Arthur J. Steffey
Business Manager ----- Victor Beach
Assistant ----- Robert Potter

EDITORIAL

Ames High has given 38 of her best young men to this war. These young men gave up an easy going school life for the hardships of training camps and trenches. We remain here at home and take life easy, not the least affected by the war. Our Soldiers give up luxuries and more important than that, education. When they return, if they do return, they will be back several years in education and perhaps will have lost a good position, which they might have gotten if they had stayed in school. Many soldiers buy Liberty bonds and not very many of us took out bonds or even are buying Thrift stamps. As said, a soldier sacrifices luxuries and education, he makes one big sacrifice, his life. If the soldier makes all these sacrifices for us, we can surely help back him up. You girls get into Red Cross work. You boys get a job this summer

and help Uncle Sam and our Soldier boys. "They are doing their best there. Are you doing your best here?"

STUDENT OPINION

Say! You fellows who pledged ten dollars for Army Y. M. C. A. remember the second payment was due March 1st, and the first payment, as some have not yet paid that, was due last January. Can't we pay these pledges and give our boys over there some pep? Some other high schools in the state much smaller than this have paid all of their pledges. Let's remember and do our bit.

R. P.

Let's Put It Across

Some time ago we started a campaign to have every student in A. H. S. be a member of the Red Cross. It met with instant response. Everyone seemed willing and glad to pay their dollar to become a member of the Red Cross. Some even did not have to be asked, but came up to pay their membership fee, before any one asked them. That is, every student in A. H. S. paid their membership fee except NINE. Surely those nine people must just have forgotten about the matter. They certainly cannot have meant to hold up our dear, old A. H. S. from getting a big Red Cross Service banner showing a 100 per cent school. Can those nine people proudly hold up their head and say with an air of satisfaction "I am not a member of the Red Cross, and furthermore I am keeping a whole High School from having a 100 per cent Red Cross banner. Surely those nine people will not hold the matter up any longer but will immediately come a-

cross with their dollar.—“An Urger for a 100 per cent H. S. in Red Cross membership.”

(Notice: This article was only meant for nine certain people, who have signed up for membership, but have not paid up to date.)

Are we going to have a moving picture camera? The only thing that seems lacking is the money. Why not allow the students to work up another vaudeville show to raise part of the money for it? We already have a Dramatic Club organization, why not use it? The objections come up, that we must not emphasise that side of literary work, and that it takes too much time. It seems to me as if the first objection has been used so many times that it has lost its force. How many student Theatricals have we had this year? Two short farces. How many of the students have been connected with them? About fifteen or twenty. Does this look as if we were placing the emphasis on such literary work. Now as to the second objection: Why of course it takes a lot of time. So do athletics, debates, literary society programs, movies, dances, hanging around the street or smoke-house. You must agree that school kids have to have a certain amount of recreation, and yet doesn't it seem to you that since they like to do this kind of work so well that they must be always held back from it, that it is about as good recreation as any? It is good training too. A vaudeville show could be made to take in more people than any other kind of literary work, and it would get twice the interest out of them, and results must be measured by what a person puts into the enterprise.

The show could be given in the afternoon to grade and high school pupils, and in the evening to other people. This ought to net about sixty dollars, and another show could be given next year, and the rest of the money paid for by the camera itself.

If you still object to a vaudeville show to raise money for a motion picture camera, tell us about it.

AN ALL SCHOOL DANCE

If you object to high school people dancing, and don't want to dance yourself, you don't have to, and this is not addressed to you. There are quite a number of pupils who do dance, and surely the high school authorities would not attempt to prohibit their dancing in dances not connected with the high school. Since the pupils are going to dance anyway, why not recognize the fact, and help oversee the dances? Is it not a “logical conclusion” to believe that a dance under the direction of the high school authorities, and chaperoned by some of the popular teachers would be apt to be as good or better for the pupils that dance than the other dances they attend? The dance could either be given at cost, and the cost would be very low, or it might be used as a means of raising money for the Red Cross.

The advantage of a High School Dance would be that it would break up the cliquishness that is present now. Such a general mixer would go a long ways toward binding the high school together as a solid body in other things, such as athletics, class spirit, etc. And it would provide as wholesome entertainment as the pupils could find anywhere.

Of course, it would make the school board responsible for the character of the dances, and some people would attack them saying that they were encouraging dancing, but is it not better to have such a body of censors for the dances the high school pupils attend, and would the mere fact that authorized dances were being held, increase the number of pupils that dance. The question of whether their children danced or not, must still rest with the parents.

As they say in the student forum in Literary Society, “I would like to hear this discussed.”—B. N.

Smileage! What a fine new word. How language does grow.

Teacher—What happens when an irresistible forces comes in contact with an immovable body?

Small Boy—A spanking.



LITERARY

FIRST PRIZE—THE TINY REBEL

“Grandpa, please tell us a story,” begged Mary Sue as she took her accustomed place on the stool at the foot of grandfather's chair. “Make it a real int—

“Yes, please tell us one,” interrupted Bobby, “but make it exciting. About bears and things like that, you know, the ones that make Beth squeal and hide her head, and Mary Sue grab your hand and say, ‘Oh stop, please Grandpa.’”

“Now, Bobby, you horrid boy. I'd like to know who asked for a story, I guess you didn't. And besides you know what Mother said 'bout interrupting,” began Mary Sue, but she stopped short when she saw Beth, the baby and pride of the family, come running into the room, covered with mud and crying as if she had a regular salt lake hidden in her head and it had suddenly found an outlet.

“Oh!” wailed Beth, “a great big black doggie runded after me and I—felled—down, oh—oh—oh” and she broke out again.

“Tut, tut,” said Grandpa, “Mary Sue, take Beth up to your Mother and as soon as she has dry clothes on, bring her back. Beth, when you come back you can sit on my lap and I'll tell you a story.”

“Oh, Gwandpa, goody” and Beth smiled through her tears.

“Well, hurry now. It's fine to have a rainbow so soon after the shower.”

In a few minutes Mary Sue and Beth returned. Such a transformation. No one could tell that Beth had ever cried and her dress was so stiff and clean that it fairly shouted, “clean, clean” when she moved.

“Well, Gwandpa, here we are,” sang Beth as she hipity hopped into the room and climbed up on his knee. “Now please

tell us the stowy and tell a weal nice one.”

“You see” began Grandpa, “I didn't know what story to tell until you came in all covered with mud and then I had an inspiration. It made me think of something that happened long ago when I fought with the boys in blue to help preserve the nation.” Grandpa's voice trembled, but it had a ring of pride in it as it always did when he spoke of his war days.

“It was in the summer of sixty-five during Sherman's March to the Sea. We had marched miles and miles and were just about tired enough to give up when we entered a little Southern village.

“As we passed a tiny cottage, it wasn't much more than a hut, we noticed a little girl sitting on the steps hugging an old rag doll. How it happened, we never knew, but ‘Abe’ our big wooly dog mascot ran toward her and grabbed her by the dress and pulled her out in the street toward us. Of course we all ran and made ‘Abe’ let her go. She wasn't hurt, only scared and we were going to pass on and think no more about it when suddenly one of the men, Jake, we called him, ran up and cried.

“‘Get out of here; let me look at that child. Why, Annabell,’ he muttered, ‘what are you doing here? Where are your father and mother? Boys’, he said, turning to us, ‘it's my brother's only child and she says her father was killed and her mother has gone, she don't know where. To think I have been fighting against my own brother.’

“After further questioning and inquiring around the village we learned that her father had been killed fighting for the South and her mother had contracted the fever and died a few days before.

“Oh Gwandpa what became of the poor

little girl." asked Beth, too excited to wait until Grandpa finished.

"Well," said Grandpa, "we took her with us and several days later we found some kind people going north who took her back to Jake's home. Of course you don't understand, but when you came in here crying and saying that a dog chased you it took me right back to that day and I could see it all over again as plain as if it had happened yesterday. That, was just one of the many, many little tragedies of the war that history never records," finished Grandpa.

ELEANOR MURRAY.

SEEING NELLIE HOME

It was storming outside and the Norton family had all gathered about the fire. It was even too stormy for the twins, Billy and Becky, to venture out to make a snowman. They were sitting on the floor, trying to solve one of their numerous puzzles, with a solemnity befitting the settling the affairs of the nation. Mrs. Norton was knitting and Louise was deeply interested in the February "Ladies Home Journal." Grandfather, in his accustomed chair near the fire, was drowsily nodding his head.

With a yawn, Louise tossed her magazine and it fell into grandfather's lap. He awoke with a start and glanced at the magazine. The picture before him attracted his attention. The country church had just been dismissed. In the foreground was a sleigh containing two people, a young man in khaki and a girl wearing a red Tam o' hanter and a red coat. But the title held his attention, "Seeing Nellie Home."

The twins had solved their puzzle and as Grandfather gave a chuckle followed by a sigh, they begged for a story.

"Oh, grandfather, I can tell by your face you have just thought of a perfectly lovely story. Do tell us one," begged Becky.

As grandfather hesitated, Louise put in her plea, "What were you laughing to yourself about, grandfather?"

He looked up, drew a deep breath and re-

plied, "This picture just brought back to memory one of my experiences. It was a long time ago. I wore the Uniform of the U. S. too, just as this young fellow is now, only mine was blue. It was just before I joined my regiment. My ambition had been to see Nellie home. The other boys all had the same ambition and not a few had bought a 'courtin' colt.' For Nellie was by far the prettiest girl around our parts. She had kept us all guessin' until finally folks said the running was between Tom Brett and me.

"The night of the 'pie social,' we both went with the intention of seeing Nellie home. When she arrived we took particular notice of the appearance of her box. When old Griswold, who was selling them, put up the box we both knew was Nellie's, the bids were pretty lively. But finally the price reached a place where I had to give up. I couldn't bid any more even for Nellie's box. Tom triumphantly bore off the prize but great to his surprise and our amusement, Maria James, the fattest woman east of Onion Creek, blushing came forward to claim her partner. And sure enough, another box like the one Tom had just proudly carried away was put up for sale.

And so I had the good luck to eat supper with Nellie and afterwards the ride home was ecstasy.

And as a result of that ride, I had the privilege of seeing Nellie home for the next twenty-five years."

GLADYS MYERS.

I wonder if the girls abroad
Are as pretty as pretty can be?
I never thought much about it,
But now it interests me.

'Tis said that they are beautiful,
Graceful, and very meek,
Their smile is slow and winning,
The red is in their cheek.

Their manners, simply charming,
They're clever as can be;
Why couldn't they be homely
Or clumsy, I don't see.

I know that it is needful
But what an awful chance,
For our boys have joined the Army,
And have to go to France.

—Genevieve Lang.

THE FIRST SIGN OF SPRING

Oh, grizzled and gray is the organ man,
And spattered with mud is his shoe,
For he trudges the highway, far and near
With a message for me and you.
It is the first gay sound of the year
That, carried on winter's breeze
Whispers an assurance of spring,
So, give him a penny, please.

Happy is the song of the organ man;
And it always seems to say,
"Tho' the winter's days are dark and drear
There will come a brighter day;"
So he fortells the joys to be,
A prophet whose tales come true,
The flowers shall blossom, the birds shall
sing,
So give him a penny, do!

—Gladys Myers.

Lonely, lost, and unbefriended,
So they hurry down the hall.
"Up the north, or down the north stairs?
Oh which is it." they do call.

If some Junior, Soph, or Senior,
Would just help them find their room
They would be their loving servants
To the very crack of doom.

Let's don't laugh and call them Freshies
Let us help them on their way
We were Preps, too, when we started,
This is their beginning day.

—Harriett Shleiter.

"VALIDA SKIFF CONVERTED."

As Valida Skiff sat heedfully and cautiously folding the various surgical dressings in the Red Cross workroom, she felt an indescribable ache in her throat. Scenes of shells bursting over the heads of soldiers, the stealthy advance into No Man's Land resulting in hundreds of shattered and shot torn bodies, finally to be

carried off by Death; the horrible atrocities of the Germans—all these agonizing mysteries of war—beyond comprehension crept into her mind and soon sympathetic pity completely overcame her. Tears came into her soft gray eyes. How could she have grudged the dollar for membership in the Red Cross Organization; how could she have made an appointment to go to the movie, or to a dance when she knew the existing conditions in Europe and the enormous demand for surgical dressings and only a few were filling these demands?

She quickly put her hands up to her face which wore a mysterious, pitiful, repentant expression which finally deepened into a determined resolve that never again was self to be considered first.

A WEED

I thought it was curses for weeds to grow
I thought they meant work that's all;
Until last night's snow came softly—
And my thoughts I now recall.

I gazed on the garden below me,
And there was a beautiful sight;
For I saw a lonely weed
In its gown of sparkling white.

It leaned just a little way over,
But not to hide shame or woes;
It had seen how roses beckoned,
And was imitating those.

I'm sure it had nothing to covet;
What more could it wish of charm,
Snow was lodging on branch and leaf
In its purity to charm.

—Edna Dressler.

LLOYD GEORGE

Dr. Charles F. Aked in his lecture on Lloyd George told some jokes worth repeating. Lloyd George is a Welshman, and the Welshmen are as proud, as proud can be, of him. Dr. Aked opened his lecture by telling of the conversation of a Welshman and Englishman, with the Welshman doing all the talking. The Welshman had been praising Lloyd George in every possible manner, until the Eng-

lishman became so bored that he broke into the praise with, "Hush man, he's not God Almighty."

The Welshman flared right back with, "No, but he's young yet."

At another time Dr. Aked explained that all English public speakers had to be ready at all times to answer a joke from someone in the crowd, and turn it back on the person who was trying to make fun of them. He said that Lloyd George excelled in this art, and delivered smashing blows that fairly crushed the speaker.

Once, just after Lloyd George had passed a climax in his speech, someone in the crowd, a little the worse for wear, yelled out in a drunken voice, "What I want is a change of government."

Lloyd George answered quick as lightning, "No, my friend, what you want is a change of drink."

At another time just as Lloyd was starting his speech with "I am here—(to defend home rule", he was going to say) when some wit in the crowd yelled, "I am here too!"

George answered, "Yes, but you're not all here," and incidentally rubbed his forehead.

However, Dr. Aked said the prize one was when Lloyd George was delivering an address for "Home Rule All Around," that is, home rule in Scotland, and Ireland and Wales and England. He said, "I'm for home rule for Ireland! (mild applause) I'm for home rule for Scotland! (louder applause) I'm for home rule for gallant little Wales!" (deafening applause).

Just as quiet came, a voice yelled out, "I'm for home rule for Hell!"

Lloyd George answered, "So am I, and I always like to see a man stand up for his own country."

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

"In my case one side was totally paralyzed as a result of the explosive bullet which hit me. For long I suffered torture with the weight of my knapsack pressing into the gaping hole below my right lung through which the bullet had exploded.

At last I chewed through the strap of it, and at length too, I was able with my left hand, feeble though its movements were, to loosen the string of the emergency dressing with which every soldier's tunic is equipped in a concealed pocket. I was able to plug roughly and only temporarily the bleeding gash. What if the supply of emergency dressings had given out before reaching me. If all the Red Cross workers who handle surgical dressings could realize even to half the extent, the importance, the vital importance of their work, there would be three women to each job where there is only one now.

"You may save the life of your own son, husband, brother, or sweetheart by commencing to work for the Red Cross within the next hour."

—from "Crusaders of Today" by Private Peat, in the Red Cross Magazine of March, 1918.

Life is one fool thing after another.

Love is two fool things after each other.

—Ex.

Irate Father—Keep still, Willie; can't you see I'm trying to turn the motor over?

Willie—What for, dad? Are you going to spank it?

The physician was giving an informal talk on physiology—

"Also," he remarked, "it has recently been found that the human body contains sulphur."

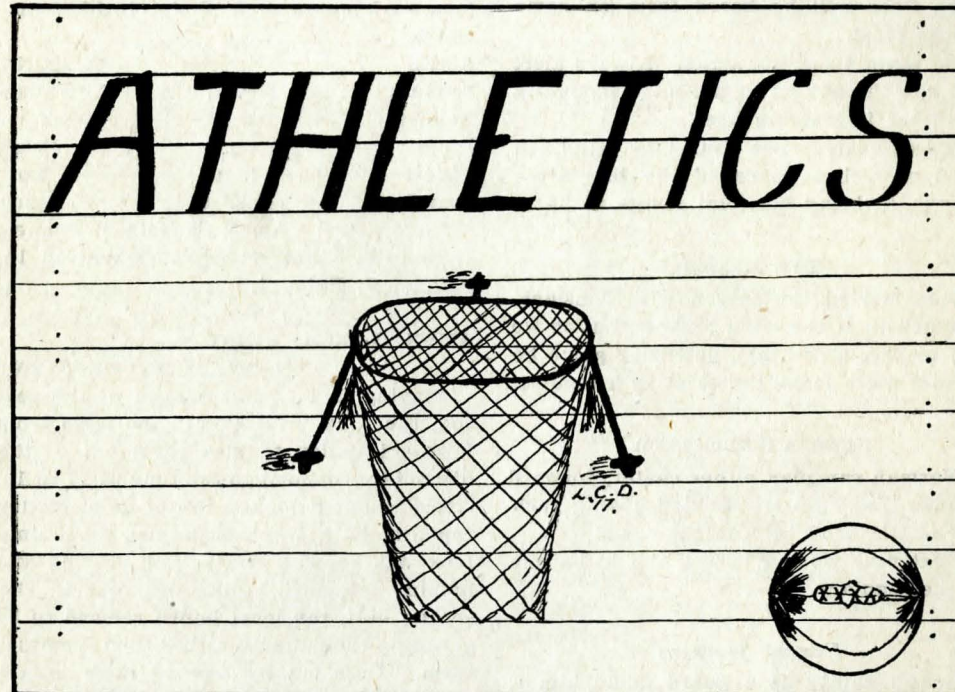
"Sulphur!" exclaimed the girl in the blue and white blazer. "And how much sulphur is there in a girl's body?"

"Oh, the amount varies," said the doctor, smiling, "according to the girl."

"Oh," returned the girl, "and is that why some of us make better matches than others."

"Willie," said the teacher, "can you tell me what happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?"

"Please, mum," replied Willie, "he would have cold feet."



THE TEAM

Roy Bennett

First year as a regular on the team, at times showed remarkable ability. With two more years to play he should develop into an exceptionally good forward.

He was third on the team in scoring points with 22.

Earl Elliott

With speed beyond the city ordinance and a liking for games beyond the pink tea relm. Earl played a commendable running guard.

He was several places at the same time, and the longer he played the faster he traveled.

Next year he should be a valuable man at either guard or forward.

While his basket eye seemed to leave him at the end of the season, he had a total of 40 points.

Nevin Innes

Nevin met no center this season who could show him the altitude of the ball at

the toss. Considering his avoirdupois, he is an excellent jumper.

He scored the most points for the team, with forty-eight to his credit.

An invaluable man on offense, but lacked ability at guarding.

By the time Nev reaches his maturity he will be playing regularly on some varsity team.

Ellis Scovel

Another player with no previous experience on the first team.

Ellis played the standing guard with the ability of a veteran. Solved everything coming his way, and passed the ball with certainty.

Will make them take a submarine for baskets next year.

Lester Souvain

Acting captain, and the most valuable man to the team both on offense and defense. He has natural instinct for basket ball, and if given an opportunity on a

large floor will be heard from on some college team.

He never tires, nor quits. Always alert and has the ability to use an opportunity whenever it presents itself.

His defensive work cannot be estimated by figures, but he caged the ball often enough to bring his total points to 38.

Tom Musson

Tom started the season with considerable ability at throwing baskets, but as we had to play a five man defensive game he did not quite make the team as a regular.

Norman Corneliussen

Norman can play either center, forward or guard, and we appreciated having such a versatile substitute on the squad.

Next year we can expect him to be one of the regulars.

Eugene Watkins

Gene's ability as a guard made him a place on the squad. On a large floor he will develop into an excellent basketball player.

One remarkable change has come to the A. H. S. style of playing, which is manifested by the fact that not one player was ejected from the game by personal fouls during the entire season.

ALGONA BEATS AMES IN LOOSE GAME

The game with Algona was lost on account of the poor guarding of the local five. Scovel was unable to take care of three at once but he did his best. The Algoniens were unable to hit the ring several times which held the score from being larger. Watson and Skinner were chief pointers for their five.

The floor and lack of outside lines was a hindrance to the A. H. S. fellows. Elliott and Sauvain's floor work with the help of Innes was a feature of the game. Innes and Elliott would dribble the whole length of the floor but were unable to cage the ball. Bennett fought hard and in the last half by his close guarding and

teamwork was a great factor to his teammates.

AMES		ALGONA	
Sauvain	r. f.	Watson	
Bennett	l. f.	Skinner	
Innes	c.	Paine	
Elliott	l. a.	Loss	
Scovel	r. a.	Stock	

Field goals: Ames, Sauvain 5, Bennett 1, Innes 6, Elliott 4; Algona—Watson 14, Skinner 7, Paine 1.

AMES LOSES FIRST

GAME IN TOURNAMENT

Playing in the poorest form of the season, the Ames five allowed the team from Missouri Valley to kick them out of the district tournament to the tune of 17 to 10. Ames' chances looked pretty good during the first half, when it seemed as if only luck was keeping Ames from scoring and helping Missouri Valley win, but in the second half, the local bunch seemed to be guarding their breath rather than the other team. Occasionally one of them would speed up, but never all five. As far as ability of the two teams is concerned, Ames should be able to put three teams on the floor that could beat Missouri Valley, but evidently it was "bad Friday" as far as the Ames team was concerned.

Scovil played a good game at guard, and most of the Missouri Valley scores were made by long shots. Elliott lead the team in the number of baskets, and Innes shot one. Ames did not have a bit of luck, but neither did it seem to try to beat its luck. There is just one consolation, and that is that Ames could have played a whole lot better, and that some other teams, take Boone for instance, lost to inferior teams, or almost did.

There is one more thing. A. H. S. rooters have got to learn that the time when rooting counts is when the team is losing. Anybody can yell when the team makes a basket, and though it would be wrong to keep silent at such times, it is worse to keep silent when the team is losing. Some real hot pep from the rooters at the right time Friday, might have won the game. Let's have it next time things look like they did at the Missouri Valley game.

PATRIOTIC SECTION

NEWS FROM THE BOYS

Jay Elliot, Rufus Hoon and Raymond Jones went to the mountains with the battery last week to practice firing. The boys took some rifles with them, and as was heard, "a barrel of shells." It was the first time any of them had seen any mountains and so they thought it great sport to be on top of a mountain and shoot rabbits below.

They stayed a week and the boys thought it was time to go before that end of the world was blown up with their firing.

Bill Ricketts in describing a New Mexican sand storm says: "Out upon this place (made for ostriches only) the wind blows 1000 miles per. Every time I took a breath I also took about a yard-and-a-half of dear old mother earth. The smallest grain of sand feels like a pin had hit you. You can feel them through your clothing."

Harvey Fitch of the U. S. N. Radio Division has just come back from his first trip over. He is on a merchantman. He speaks of the sights that he saw a being great, and the only trouble he had on land was in making the waiters of the Halets understand what he wanted. The trip going over he speaks of as being rather rough and the night they came into the sub zone, they slept in their clothes, because it was moonlight and the large ship could be easily seen. They saw no subs this trip, however.

H. Loughran is still in the hospital in England, according to recent letters. He is about well from the scarlet fever and says he is having a fine time.

William Nelson was recently in a raid across the border in which several Mexicans were killed.

Martha Lesan has been made a special reporter for the "Spirit" to handle the news from the soldiers.

The Ames boys in the 19th Trench Mortar Battery have tasted their first gas. They have been having a course of twenty-two weeks of intensive training, and every evening they have a taste of gas and gas masks.

Leonard Deal, a last year's graduate who enlisted this winter is now located at Camp Greene, North Carolina. He says the mud there is ankle deep. (Camp Greene meet Camp Cody, and I wish you to fellows would mix up a little.) He says the negroes outnumber the whites about six to one.

George McCoy writes that he is just about ready to leave the hospital where he has been for four weeks. He saw basketball and baseball games one afternoon and in the evening he saw Charlie Chaplin. He thinks the trains over in France look more like toys than real steaming trains.

Orville Apland has been promoted to the rank of a first private. He says it is because he subscribed all but three dollars of his monthly pay on installments on Liberty Bonds, and that when he asked his Captain to make arrangements to let one of them drop, the Captain thought it would be easier to promote him. He has been enjoying the mumps as well as some of us here.

Steigerwalt has transferred to a truck division.

The boys in the 19th Trench Mortar Battery are going to use motorcycles instead of horses after this.

"Shorty" Heffern writes that he had to shovel coal several hours a day for a week just because he was tardy to drill one morning. (Please do not show this to Mr. Steffey.)

HELP! BOOST!

Are you a loyal and patriotic citizen of the United States? Did you hear about the good work which is being carried on at the college? There is no safer and more patriotic way of spending your money than investing it in Thrift Stamps. You are not only saving money but loaning it to the government for the purpose of helping win the present day war. Now, none of us want to be considered slackers so why not each and every one of us buy Thrift Stamps? Our High has now a one-hundred per cent membership in the Red Cross. Let's start a Thrift Stamp Campaign and make our school again a leader in aiding the government. **BOOST!** for a **THRIFT STAMP CAMPAIGN.**

THE U. S. BOYS' WORKING RESERVE

The United States faces a serious problem at the present time, Labor Shortage. Men formerly engaged in productive employment have been called to defend Democracy. These men, our allies and the Americans at home must have food and supplies. Where will man-power come from to keep up the productive work necessarily dropped by the drafted and enlisted men?

To cope with this difficulty the U. S. Dep't. of Labor under authority of Congress has organized the U. S. Boys' Working Reserve. The purpose of the organization is to help win the war by keeping up the productive work on the farm and elsewhere.

Now you Boys of Ames High School you have had an opportunity to join this Work-

ing Reserve. Are you going to do it? Even if you haven't much experience in farm work you surely can learn, so join. This is no "kid" organization, it's a man's job we're facing and we have to make good. There are about four million boys of the eligible age in the U. S., and Ames has her share among them. We've all got to pitch in and help Uncle Sam with his big load. On the boys of High School age a great deal depends. They must get on farms and take the place of older boys. It's up to you boys of Ames High School, join the Reserves!

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS TAKING DRILL

Some of the boys at the first of the year asked permission to form a company of High School cadets, but it was learned that Gen. Lincoln would allow them to drill at the college if they would wear the regulation suit. Four of the High School boys have taken advantage of this and have been drilling regularly at the college. These boys are Frank Coulter, Sam Battel, Paul Burns and Kirk Myers.

SLACKERS

S stands for sluggard, one who won't work,
L stands for lazy the ones who will shirk,
A stands for aimless, just wanders around,
C stands for careless, wherever found,
K stands for Kaiser we're trying to beat,
E stands for everyone trying to cheat,
R finishes the slacker a fellow not true,
I've paid my dollar, say have you?

If you are one of the nine who has not paid his dollar, hadn't you better take it to Mr. Steffey right away?

Extracts of a Letter from Gifford Terry To Mr. A. J. Steffey

I have my "A" sweater along with me as a companion and it certainly makes a good one. I like to get it out of my bag and look at it. It brings back the memory of days gone by and friendships of two men and ten other fellows, all comrades together.

My country needed me, what else could I do but respond? Rather to go without an education than to be a slacker. The point

of view? The cold steel of an enemy bayonet, bursting shrapnel or bombs would seem sweeter than that. Some would rather be a live coward than a dead hero but I prefer the latter. May every Ames man do his duty. There is a great deal of satisfaction in knowing that he played the part of a man.

Did my history course at Ames help any? Did my Latin do me any good? I would not exchange what I learned at that grand old place for anything in the world.

Give my regards to all the student body. Tell them to work hard now and the reward will come later in life, in proportion to what they put into their course now. Are not Longfellow's words true?

"How in the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought,
How on the sounding anvil shaped,
Each burning deed and thought."

HELP!

Some of the boys are not getting the Spirits we are sending them. Of course some of this is on account of the mail service. We print the following addresses so that if you know of a later address you will tell us.

Rufus Hoon, Paul McNeil, Will Rickets, Winifred Crabbs, Jay Elliot, Douglas Waitley, Don Soper, 1st M. C., 126 Field Artillery, Camp Cody, Deming, N. M.
Corp. McKinley Steigerwalt, George Dunlap, Bernice Posegate, Harold Seymour, John Taylor, Arthur Speers, Earl Quade, Lawrence Murphy, 109 Trench Mortar Batt. Camp Cody, Deming, N. M.

Chas. Shockley, Paul Hammond, Warren Reinhardt, Harold Laughran, Cecil Hamm, Sam Martin, Co. I 168 U. S. Infantry, 84 Brigade, American Expeditionary Forces.

Private Orvil Aplan, Co. B. Mach. Gun Batt., Camp Funston, Kansas.

Corp. Elmer C. Jones, 31st Aero Sqd. 3d Aviation Instruction Dept., Fort Totten, Long Island, N. Y.

Harvey Fitch, Armed Guard Detail, U. S. N. Training Station, Norfolk, Va.

Floyd Mable, Co. A. 169 Engineers, Camp Cody, Deming, N. M.

Ted Nowlin, Co. C. Gunner's Mate School, Main Training Camp, Great Lakes, Ill.
Louis E. Gray, U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill. Care Boat House.
Ralph C. Lewis, First Gunner's Mates Training School, Fortress Monroe.
Vaughn Hunter, Fort McDowell, Angle Island.

Lenard Stenerson, U. S. S. New York, Care P. M., N. Y. C. Radio Box E.

E. C. Heffern Co. "A" 2nd Depot Bu. S. C. Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas.

William Nelson, C. G. 8th Cavalry, Marba, Texas.

Lyle McCarty 3rd Co. Fort Ruger, Hawaiian Islands.

Clifford McCarthy ? ?

Leonard Deal, Co. K, 47 Infantry, 4th Division, Camp Greene, N. Carolina.

Corp. Gifford C. Terry, Batt. D., First A. A. Batn. A. E. F. via New York.

Chas. Nowlin, Bob Sage, Art Balingier, Batt. D, First A. A. Batn. A. E. F. via New York, Care Corp. Gifford C. Terry.

Teacher (to little boy)—Freddie Brooks are you making faces at Nellie Lyon?

Freddie Brooks—Please, teacher, no Ma'am, I was trying to smile and my face slipped.

Teacher—Why is the demand for hen's eggs rather than ducks.

Brilliant Youngster—When a duck lays an egg she just waddles off as if nothing had happened. When a hen lays an egg there's an awful noise. You see the hen advertises.

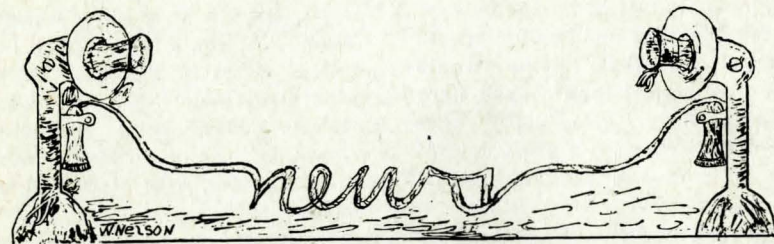
Some one asked an old colored man what breed of chickens he considered best, and he replied: "All kinds has merits. De white ones is de easiest to find, but de black ones is de easiest to hide after you gits 'em."

"How did Blank lose the fingers of his right hand?"

"Put them in the horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had."

"And then what happened?"

"The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers Blank had."



ANNUAL TO RUN BIG CONTEST

Who is the most influential, prettiest and most popular girl in A. H. S.? If you know already, you will have a chance to convince everybody that you are right. You know, somebody might not agree with you.

The next issue of the Spirit will announce ten contestants to be selected by some of the teachers. Other girls will be added to this list if their friends secure a petition with twenty-five signers, at least ten boys and ten girls and one teacher among the signers. A girl does not have to qualify in all of these lines, but the best all around girl will have the best chance of winning.

The voting days will also be announced later. Everybody that signs up for the Annual and pays half of its price down will get a vote. You can vote as often as you want to. The names of the contestants will be kept before the high school by write-ups in the Spirit. The four highest will be shown on a page of the Annual.

Now is the time to start to back your favorite. Pick your girl and back her to the limit.

Who is the most active, prettiest, and most popular girl in school? We will know when the Annual comes out.

Freshmen Give the Funniest Program Yet

The Freshmen had charge of the assembly Wednesday and they sure gave us a good one. Marjorie Beam, their President, opened the program with a scriptural reading and prayer. A farce, "The Barrington's at Home", acted by Neva Spence, Agnes Noble, Ted Kooser and Clarence Bolton, kept the whole school laughing. Clarence Goddard showed his ability as a

violin player even though he did have a hard time with his music. Vera Grover kept the school laughing at her reading and roaring at her encore. The closing number was a piano solo by Myrle Garretson.

We will applaud the Freshmen once more for this program.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST

Though we haven't done much in Athletics And we didn't win the Debate; Just wait till we reach Rockwell City, Then, watch us run with the prize of the State.

Friday, March 15, Frances Holm will arrive in Rockwell City to represent Ames in the Declamatory Contest. There will be (fifteen? twelve) schools represented and it will be a hard won victory, but we are equal. The two winners from each class will be sent to the next contest. The town has not yet been decided on.

EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING

The Extemporaneous Speaking contest will be held at Fonda, Saturday, March 16. It was to have been held last Friday but was postponed. Miss Williams has not received any further information as to where the next contest is to be held, how many schools are competing, etc., but that really doesn't count much after all when we know that we will be well represented. This is a new thing for Iowa and especially for Ames, but nevertheless, we will make a good showing as we always do.

Grace—"I didn't accept Walter the first time he proposed."

Gladys—"No, you weren't there."—Ex.

FOR SENIORS ONLY

Time: Within next two weeks.

Sitting: In Quade's Studio—The Seniors.

(Enter Sweet Smiles and Direful Calamity.)

Sweet Smiles—Please get your picture taken before a week from Monday—

Direful Calamity—If you don't I'll—

Sweet Smiles—And wear your nicest clothes so you'll look nicer than anybody else. You know graduation is coming and lots of people will want a good picture of you.

Direful Calamity—If you try to come around in anything but your glad rags, I'll—

S. Smiles—Mr. Quade has kindly offered to take these pictures for fifty cents apiece, which means that he will lose money if almost all of you don't have a dozen or so finished.

D. Calamity—If you don't show your gratitude to Mr. Quade I'll—

S. Smiles—And if you happen to see any members of the Spirit Staff around tell them the news too.

D. Calamity—Do what she tells you to do or I'll—

S. Smiles—If you don't get your pictures taken before next Monday I'll cry

D. Calamity—And I'll—Grr rr—r—rr—r— (Stage talk for anger)

(Seniors rush in front of the camera to be "shot" rather than disappoint the beautiful lady or suffer Grr—r.)

ARTISTS' CONTEST

The Annual offers a subscription and a brand new dollar bill for the best cover design for the Annual. Each class will want some drawing for its special page. We want a full page design for the Senior section, a good news head, a Joke head, a design for the snap-shot section, and would like to have some panel designs submitted. The panel design must be very simple it is to be used as a back ground for the senior pictures. The big thing about these drawings is that they must be rushed in at once, that means, in at least two weeks.

Y. W. C. A.

Girls! All ye who love good times and rare sports. If you don't already belong to the Y. W. C. A., do so at once. The Y. W. need **your** support and **your** co-operation in order to be a success. If you don't put something into it, you can't expect to get anything out of it.

The new committees have been appointed for this semester and are already busy planning good things for the girls in the way of helpful and interesting meetings, and outdoor entertainment. Some of the bi-weekly meetings are going to be discussional, which gives each girl a chance to take part and with the least self-consciousness. The meeting on Thursday, March 7, was a discussional one, dealing with the handicaps of life, after which a recognition meeting was held for the girls who had not as yet been recognized as members of the society.

The following are some of the good times which are coming as soon as the weather permits:

Pageant.

Outdoor Geneva Meeting.

Picnics and hikes

Senior Girl Meeting.

Speaker: Bulgarian girl.

NEWS

Kodi Camp Fire meets Saturday. Don't forget. It's a Ceremonial Meeting.

Girls! You have been asked, coaxed, teased and begged to come to Red Cross. The next thing you will be commanded. Wake up to your duty and don't make a command necessary. Saturday afternoon 2:30 to 5.

Nervous Breakdowns (not serious, of course), etc, seem to be quite popular.

Marie Mortensen entertained eight girls at her home Friday, March 1.

THE FATE OF PRESIDENTS

"Mother," said a small boy I know, "do you know what they do with presidents when they get through with them?"

"No," I replied, "I don't."

"They freeze them stiff and put them up in parks," he replied.

HICKS AT CONVENTION

Professor Hicks attended the annual meeting of the Superintendents' National Association held at Atlantic City, N. J. The meeting was not as largely attended as in previous years, due to the fact that the place where it was originally to be held, has been given over to a National Guard Camp, and it was impossible to secure the necessary facilities to hold the convention there.

The convention, as a whole, felt the seriousness of the war situation. Educational problems were discussed. It was the unanimous opinion of the delegates, that school work should continue during vacation. Also, that the schools should do everything to co-operate, fit in and work out the problems of the government.

Every boy and girl ought to stay in school for after this world's war, there is going to be a great demand for better training than ever before. In conclusion, rather than shirk your school work, give it more time than ever before.

BE UP TO DATE

A few years ago the general belief was that the "Y" was composed only of weak kneed, frail, unearthly men, always carrying a big bible and looking upward. Now everybody knows that this is not the case. The country is waking up to the fact that some of the biggest, most active men are back of this movement. One of the good results of this war is the way the soldiers are learning to respect the Y. M. C. A. and what it stands for.

Ask most any soldier where the best all-around fellows will be found in leisure moments and he will tell you without doubt that it is at the "Y" Hut. If a soldier is looking for a real friend, if he is homesick, if he is down and out, where does he go? To the "Y." Lots of fellows that used to knock the "Y" would now place it a close second to Uncle Sam and home. The soldiers know what the real purpose of the "Y" is friendship. Not the kind of friendship that stands by a fellow as long as he spends money but the kind that really starts when he needs help. The "Y" stands for

friendship for everybody, not just for those that attend meetings, but also for those that don't; the kind of friendship that made Jesus die on the cross.

If these fellows in the army know that the "Y" is made up of real men and stands for the things that they must admire, whether they live up to them or not, it seems as if the school boys that think the "Y" is only a training school for preachers and a place for the weaklings are only kidding themselves. If you were applying for a job would it be against you or for you to be able to say that you were a member of the Hi Y. When you stop and think, it seems as if the business men realize that belonging to a "Y" doesn't hurt a boy at all. And the business men aren't the only ones that have found this out. Boys, you know that your mother is your best friend, and you know that she would rather have you at a "Y" meeting than almost any place else. "Everybody's doin' it" when it comes to backing the "Y." Don't be the last one to get in line. If you don't have a good time when you turn out to the "Y" tonight, it won't be because there is nothing doing.

"Won't you come out to 'Y,' "
Says your good old friend "Hi."

"Farmers," said the fair city visitor, "are just as dishonest as the city milkmen."

"How do you make that out?" asked the farmer's wife.

"This morning," said the girl accusingly, "with my own eyes I saw your hired man water the cows before he milked them."—Ex.

"This here boy," said the proud mother to a neighbor, "certainly grows more like his father every day."

And the neighbor, knowing the father, inquired anxiously, "And have you tried everything?"—Ex.

Inspired Poet—"Ah! Listen to that apple tree sigh and groan!"

Boy—"I bet you'd sigh and groan too, if you were as full of green apples as that tree is."—Ex.



"I wonder, dear, if I shall lose my looks too, when get to be your age?"

"You'll be lucky if you do," snapped the other lady.

Miss Mills—"Why did Rachel send Henry Esmond to college?"

Lester S.—"To get an education. (Quit your kiddin.)"

John—"I don't see why eggs are so expensive—they don't use them to fight with."

James—"Yes, but they use the shells. Now—that's a yoke." (yolk).

At the dedication of a new fire engine in a little town on the Massachusetts coast, the following toast was proposed: "May she be like the dear old maids of our village; always ready, but never called for."

Georgia was making preparations for her doll's birthday party and her brother stood by her helplessly, receiving instructions. "Oh, Palmer," she exclaimed suddenly, "first we must take this child over to church and have her criticised."

Joe Anderson was giving a report in class. When he finished Miss Stewart asked for criticisms.

"His position was bad," was one of the criticisms offered.

"Yes, Joe." Do you know what was the matter with your position?"

Joe—"I don't know, I couldn't see."

Homer T., asking for volunteers in Latin Class.

Lucile N.—"Homer, did you get my hand?"

First Arkansan—Was your house damaged by the cyclone?

Second Arkansan—Dunno; I haven't found it yit.

Miss Miller—"Willis are you in favor of high or low taxes?"

Willie B.—"High taxes. I haven't got any property."

A Kansan sat on the beach at Atlantic City watching a fair and very fat bather disporting herself in the surf. He knew nothing of tides and he did not notice that each succeeding wave came a little closer to his feet. At last an extra big wave washed over his shoe tops. "Hey, there!" he yelled at the fair, fat bather. "Quit your jumpin' up and down. Dye want to drown me."

His ignorance of history recently shocked one of the women friends of a young Buffalo society man. It was after a dinner party at his house and she was telling him what she had learned in her private history class. One thing led to another and all the time he was getting into deeper water. At last she surprised him by inquiring: "Now, tell me Mr. Blank, what are the Knights of the Bath?" He stammered for a while and finally blurted out: "Why, Saturday nights, I suppose."

BANQUET DRESSES

We have just received a beautiful line of Crepe de Chine, and Georgette Crepe dresses.

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